Twisted

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by CrowsAce

Summary

'The omegan noise startled the alpha into a pause, letting out a soft growl Hannibal charged forward, caging his body around the younger man.
Leaning down towards the man's neck Hannibal began sniffing him, scenting him, and there just beneath the beta stench, a sweet smell was covered, something almost floral and smelling of ripe fertility.
An omega.

“Oh William, you’ve been holding out on me.”'

Notes

Yes I am writing another Hannibal/Will fic, yes this is also a dark tale, and yes poor Will is still suffering because of me, but don't worry it will get better for him. When he embraces the darkness ◕‿◕

This is quite a mash-up of all the many versions of Hannibal(ect) out there, I'm basing their descriptions of the movie series though, kinda, loosely done though, so picture your favourite versions and go with that.

By the way guys, I made a tumblr page thing, so if anyone has any questions about my stories or request then please head on over and let me know!! https://elegantcrowsace.tumblr.com/

The road to discovery

He didn't know what drove him to go to Lecter's that night, really thinking back on it he should've just gone straight to Jack. The moment Will discovered the truth about Hannibal is the moment his life fell apart; all the carefully constructed walls and the life he had built himself began crumbling down.

But at the time he needed someone he could talk to that not only would listen to him but even *understand.*

The chesapeake ripper was one of the longest cases he had been working on. Every Time a new bit of evidence seemed to pop up it just lead to a dead end. Quite literally.

Another victim had turned up, a sales worker, strung up and cut open in front of the very store he worked at, it was only a little secluded cafe in the upper side of the city, but it gave the owner quite the shock when she discovered him that morning.

The man was missing his liver, small intestines and heart.

That's when Will realised, the Ripper wasn't just taking the organs as trophies, he was eating them.

There was no doubt in his mind that the Ripper was eating parts of his victims, but he needed a second opinion, he couldn't go to Jack and tell him the Ripper was a cannibal without enough proof. Everyone knew the jumps he could make, but sometimes he need just to talk it through with someone.

Which was why he had decided to go see his friend Hannibal Lecter, the man had helped him sort through his thoughts time and time again, in all honesty Will was certain he would of had a break down a long time ago if it wasn't for Hannibal being his anchor.

He had phoned ahead, asking if it was alright for him to come over (it was) and then he kissed his son goodnight and his wife goodbye, with the promise of picking some items up from the shop on his way home for their tea and then set off.

That’s how he find himself in the predicament he was in now.

Will didn’t have to wait long for Hannibal to open the door, his usual charming smile on his face, Will couldn’t deny that the older man was quite handsome, he was thankful that the Alpha’s scent couldn’t affect him.

To the world Will Graham appeared to be a beta, married to another beta with their son, to Will it was the perfect family life, the perfect cover. No one knew he was an omega, not even his father new when he was alive. When Will turned 16 and he realised just what was happening he began to do everything in his power to avoid his nature, to cover it up, he wasn’t about to let all his hard work at school and allow his future to be ruined based on genetics.

It seemed tragic to him, how even in this day and age omegas were treated like delicate little dolls, nothing more than pretty arm candy-baby making machines. Whether that was the life they wanted or not.

No, he had wanted better for himself, he wanted to be able to choose who to be with, he wanted to be able to continue his studies and go on to get his own job, not even Molly knew his true gender, not that she ever needed to know.

Though he knew he shouldn’t really be focusing on those thoughts right now, no matter how unintentionally difficult the good doctor seemed to make it as he pulled out a chair for him and offered him a drink.

“Well dear Will, what troubles you?”

“I am sorry to come over today, I know I should’ve given you more notice.”

Hannibal gave him a small, polite smile.

“Not at all dear boy, it’s more than a pleasure to have you here, as I’ve told you before Will you are welcome to come over whenever.”

Will smiled at the older man gratefully, “Thank you Dr. Lecter.”

“Though I am right in presuming that you came here today for more than idle chit-chat?”

Will took a sip of the whiskey before placing it down with a sigh, his thoughts drifting back to the latest victim they had found.

“I’m afraid so. It’s about the Chesapeake Ripper.”

“Oh? Has another victim been discovered?”

“Yes, a beta male, aged 34… there was something different about this kill though.”

“Different, how?”

Will let out another sigh, leaning forward in his seat he folded his arms over the desk and rested his chin atop of them.

“It’s definitely a ripper kill, he has the same emotions as he normally does when he kills, though this time… this time he considered this victim even more vulgar than the previous, something about the way he treated his customers, his manager did say she was going to have a talk with him-may have even fired him because of his attitude. Apparently, he was shouting to a little girl whilst she just cried clinging to her brother who was calling out for their mother, apparently the girl had wandered in from the high street and the man just snapped.” Will had wrinkled his nose up in disgust halfway through the story, “How anyone can treat a child like that is beyond on me.” Thoughts of his son Wally flooded his head, he couldn’t imagine anyone treating his son like that, he may just tear the throat out if they did.

Will blinked a few times, trying to dispel the way his thoughts were going.

"Anyway, needless to say he was a horrid man, and the ripper knew this, knew he was nothing more than a disgusting pig, livestock… and that made him ravenous… He's eating them Hannibal, he's not taking pieces of them as trophies, he's taking them for his dinner."

Will glanced up from the glass, where he was watching the ice cubes bob up and down, to across the other side of the desk where the doctor's maroon gaze stared intently back at him. Clearing his throat awkwardly Will sat back up in his seat.

"Do you have proof he's eating them?" Hannibal asked calmly. Will shook his head.

"No, not physical proof, only just what I felt… I know I'm right!"

"I never said you weren't Will, I only ask as I have no doubt Uncle Jack will want some evidence to prove this theory."

Will stood at that, looking around the room as if the answer was just gonna jump out at him. As he began to move away from the desk he knocked into the corner of it, causing his glass to tumble over.

"Oh God! Oh Hannibal I'm so sorry!" Will cried out, quickly reaching for the glass only for Lecter to get there first.

The older man chuckled as he looked over at him with a smile, "It's nothing to worry about, only a little spillage. I'm just going to get a towel, I'll be a moment."

Left on his own Will chewed on his bottom lip, he felt awkward and clumsy inside of his skin. He began to circle around the room, this time being a little more cautious of his surroundings.

Heading on over to the bookshelfs, he began pursuing the titles. One book in particular stood out to him. Pulling it from the shelf he flicked it open. It was amazing how one little book seemed to ruin his life.

Because there, in the doctors elegant scrawl, is the word *sweetbreads.*

The word seems meaningless, it most likely is meaningless, but reading it something clicks in his brain. *It's Hannibal,* Will thinks somewhat numbly to himself,*Hannibal is the Chesapeake ripper.*

Will turned, just in time to dodge Hannibal coming a him with a linoleum knife. Will kept moving out of the mans way till his back hit against the bookshelf he couldn't help the small somewhat high-pitched noise of surprise from escaping, he was vaguely aware of some of the books sharp edges digging into him, to busy focusing on the older man as he approached.

The omegan noise startled the alpha into a pause, letting out a soft growl Hannibal charged forward, caging his body around the younger man.

Leaning down towards the man's neck Hannibal began sniffing him, scenting him, and there just beneath the beta stench, a sweet smell was covered, something almost floral and smelling of ripe fertility. *An omega.*

" Oh William, you've been holding out on me."

Hannibal grinned down at him, his mouth full of sharp gleaming teeth, Will swallowed nervously, his throat closing up leaving him unable to utter a word, he could only stare up at the other with fear.

Fuck.

Planning

Chapter Summary

> “I… I won’t tell I promise-just please let me go…” Will’s words trailed off into a pathetic whimper as the elder came even closer, the man’s arms gripping onto his own tightly, crushing them to his sides.
>
> “Oh you won’t will you… what if I tell?”
>
> “Tell them what? That you’re a cannibalistic serial killer? Go for it, I’m not stopping you.”
>
> Hannibal chuckled down at him, he found it quite adorable just how frightened the boy was yet ready to fight back.
>
> “No not that, I think it will probably be worth mentioning that they’ve hired an omega to help them get into the minds and track down serial killers.”
>
> Will stared blankly at the doctor’s smug expression for all of two seconds before making a break for it

Chapter Notes

> First things first, don't expect regular updates, my mind and my life is too cluttered for that, two, I'm sorry for any grammar/spelling mistakes and 3, I hope you enjoyed the first chapter and I hope you enjoy this one, I'm not really sure if I like how this one came out but alas I'm kinda just building up at the moment so you know how that goes... anyway do enjoy.

Fuckfuckfuckfuck

Will swallowed nervously, slowly edging along the shelves, acutely aware of just how close the elder was to him. Hannibal watched the skittish man through hooded eyes, now they both knew the truth of each other it changed the entire outcome of this situation. Hannibal would of never admitted out loud but he had found himself growing attached to Will Graham, not to mention the conversations he had with the man were probably the most engaging he’s ever had with anyone.

So when Will called to ask if he could come over he couldn't deny it was a pleasant surprise. But as the night progressed and Will revealed what had been on his mind Hannibal realised the truth, Will knew. Or rather, he unconsciously knew. It was probably one of the reason he had chosen to come visit him in the first place.

When the younger man accidentally knocked the drink, Hannibal had gone to the kitchen to grab a knife in order to cut the young man open, a part of him didn't want to, but another couldn't wait just to taste him. *Well... there was still a chance for that yet, but first...*

"Hannibal… please I-please, let me go."

"Dearest Will, why ever would I let you go now?"

"I… I won't tell I promise-just please let me go…" Will's words trailed off into a pathetic whimper as the elder came even closer, the man's arms gripping onto his own tightly, crushing them to his sides.

"Oh you won't will you… what if *I tell?"*

Will swallowed again, there was no way the older man could've smelled his real gender, the pills he took and the special aftershave he used to help cover his nature was the strongest he could get, he'd been using the stuff for last 20 years. Will narrowed his eyes, a mix of anger but mainly fear clouded his expression.

"Tell them what? That you're a cannibalistic serial killer? Go for it, I'm not stopping you."

Hannibal chuckled down at him, he found it quite adorable just how frightened the boy was yet ready to fight back.

“No not that, I think it will probably be worth mentioning that they’ve hired an omega to help them get into the minds and track down serial killers.”

Will stared blankly at the doctor’s smug expression for all of two seconds before making a break for it, he knew that there really wasn’t a point, the older was a lot stronger and a lot quicker than him, but he had to try.

Unsurprisingly Hannibal only let out a sigh of annoyance before going after him, tackling the smaller man to the floor, positioning him just so, grabbing a fistful of light hair he pushed Will’s face to the floor, making sure his neck was perfectly exposed for him.

“Get off me!” Will gasped out, struggling to no avail.

Hannibal let out another sigh, it seemed he had some training to do.

“How long have you been on these suppressants Will? Since your first heat, or was it the moment you realised what your gender was going to be?” He received no answer except an increase of struggling.

“Oh Will, how sad for you to have never had such an experience, to long you’ve been masquerading as something you are not, and now look where that’s gotten you. But don’t worry my dear, I’ll teach you how to behave properly.”

Positioning himself over the smaller man, he made sure the other would be able to feel all of him and the power he held, he knew the other could when he stilled, letting out more pitiful whimpers.

He traced his nose over the other neck, inhaling deeply over the other’s scent gland, and then without any warning he pressed his teeth into him, the sweet coppery taste of the other’s blood began filling his mouth, the high keening noise Will made sounded like music to his ears.

Will couldn’t help the tears that had begun to stream down his face. This was wrong this was so wrong. This was never meant to happen; when he had planned to come over earlier it was

to go over his new discovery, to help solidify his theory to give to Jack, then he was gonna go home to Molly- *Oh God, Molly!*

Will began to try and crawl away, he knew it was futile with Hannibal's stronger form practically smothering him, but he just had to get away from this man and the pain he was inducing, he needed to get him to his wife!

Hannibal began to growl lowly in his throat as the other attempted to get away, *a lot of training indeed.* He bit down harder to show his displeasure at the action.

When Will finally seemed to settle down, now only letting out a small choked out sobs, Hannibal removed his teeth from the younger's neck and started to lick over the wound.

It was another minute or so before Hannibal moved off of the younger man; he stood staring down at the submissive form the other still remained. He allowed his mouth to curl up in a small smile, perhaps there was hope for Will after all.

Reaching down he scooped the smaller man into his arms, making sure he had hold of him tightly and that there was no possible way he was going to get free and began making his way to the hidden basement.

Hannibal knew he would have his work cut out for him, but that quite excited him, but first he had to flush away the chemicals/suppressants in Will's system, then administer some hormone inducing medicine that Will help bring along Will's heat, the enzymes from his claiming bite helped start the process but there was no doubt will had caused a lot of damage from his continued substance abuse. He was going to have to run quite a few scans and do some blood test to see just how bad it all was.

He was also going to have to inform Jack Crawford about Will's little secret, he didn't have to, he could help him in continue hiding his gender and going to work, but to be quite frank he didn't want to, it didn't take a genius to see that this job was practically destroying Will, his mental stability was hanging in the balance, and at first he was alright with that, just sitting back and waiting to see what happened, but now… Now he needed that perfect mind for himself, so he could break it, and then masterfully put it back together again, he could just picture how beautiful it would be, how beautiful *he* would be on the day of his becoming.

They were a little way of till then however, there was also the other small problem of-

“Molly. I need to see Molly, I need to go home to her… and Wally, God, Hannibal please, let me go.”

“Oh Will… you’ll soon forget about them.” Hannibal cooed, placing him gently but firmly onto the metal chair.

“It’s time to fix this mess you’ve made Will,” he pulled out a syringe and began filling it with the first lot of chemical cleanser, Will eyed the needle with weary apprehension. “Now, are you going to be a good boy and lie back or am I going to have to tie you up?”

The start of something new

Chapter Summary

> It truly was going to be something beautiful to witness, and Hannibal was glad to be given such a privilege to bare witness to something so pure and dark being born.

Chapter Notes

> Hey guys, I'm sorry this chapter is really short, I'm also sorry if it maybe didn't make sense, I'm actually ill and sleep deprived and haven't been able to get what I mean across, hopefully that won't be the case with my writing, If anyone thinks its really bad though, I will take it down and do a better chapter!
> Anyway thank you everyone for all your reviews and support to this story it means alot!!
>
> I'm sorry for any grammar/spelling mistakes that may appear.
> Please enjoy the story.

"Now, are you going to be a good boy and lie back or am I going to have to tie you up?"

Will eyed the needle wearily before slowly leaning back against the chair, the cold metal seemed to chill him to the bone as his gaze travelled up to the older man's face, he could barely contain the shiver of fear as he looked into those maroon eyes.

Will couldn't think of a way he would be able to escape and get away, all the scenarios he could think of saw him getting caught and only pissing the alpha off.

As if reading his mind Hannibal smirked at him, hand reaching out and grasping his chin to turn his face to the side.

"That's a good boy Will, why struggle and fight, it will only make things worse for you in the end. Now hold still."

Hannibal struck quickly before Will had any time to react, injecting the needle into one of the veins on the side of his neck. Hannibal grinned down at the boy, he calculated that they had just under two minutes before the compound would take effect.

That gave him plenty of time to set up one of his scanners and do a blood test. Grabbing another syringe and some vials along with a leather strap, he quickly began switching on some of the machines and scanners he had on, it would take awhile for them to load up, but he would have to wait until the current toxin cleanser left his boy's system if he wanted to get an accurate reading.

Walking back over to Will he gabbed his left arm, wrapping the leather strap tight just below the joint and then began taking some blood. Once he had filled six vials with Will's blood he turned away from the boy and put vials for the time being into one of the chiller cabinets.

Turning back he noticed a fine sheen of sweat was starting to coat across the omega's skin. Walking closer he could see Will's pupils were blown as the compound began to take effect.

Will felt like he was being slowly set on fire. He didn't need to be a genius to guess what was in the syringe that Hannibal had injected him with, but he had no idea it would feel like this and he knew it was only going to get worse, perhaps he should of tried running… maybe he still could.

Rolling one of the monitors over and switching it on Hannibal started to connect Will up to it, or rather tried to, apparently his boy decided he still had enough fight in him to avoid being hooked up to the machine. Hannibal chuckled at the weak attempts.

"Oh Will honestly, this will all be a lot more painful if you keep misbehaving, just think the sooner you let me do this, the sooner it will all be over. I can't promise it will all be pain free, after all substance abuse can be very damaging to a changing body, not to mention to a body that was never allowed to fully change. Who knows what lasting damage you have done to yourself Will. You're lucky you know someone who can look after you and help you make a full recovery." *Help you realise all your potential, help you realise what you can truly do and what you can become!*

Once again Will settled down, though whether that was because he was genuinely obeying him or because the pain was becoming too much he didn't know, he had already turned back

to the machine grabbing all sorts of cables and cords that he could attach to the machine and Will.

Grabbing an IV will stuck the needle into the puncture wound that was already on Will's arm from the last injection, he then added the second part of cleansing compound into the IV to slowly release into his system along with some sedatives that will keep Will knocked out for a couple of hours, thus giving him plenty of time to make a few quick phone calls, the particular sedatives shouldn't tamper with the current mixture of compounds being released into Will's system, it also wouldn't take the pain he was feeling away.

Hannibal wanted to make sure Will would remember this, not out of cruelty, or even out of being proven to be considered the 'weaker' species, but because this was the true start of Will's becoming. Every feeling of pain, sadness, elation, happiness and all other emotions from here on out were going to pave the way to their glorious future, and he was going to make sure Will never missed a thing.

It truly was going to be something beautiful to witness, and Hannibal was glad to be given such a privilege to bare witness to something so pure and dark being born.

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